Pride

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Pride

by ElizaD

Summary

Part 5 of my seven deadly sins series

Hannibal asks Will to spend the night for his birthday wish. He wants Will to see the gorgeous, talented, cunning, sweet, good boy he does. His Will is such fun to influence.

Lead on pretty neatly from jealousy but could be read as a stand alone.

Notes

Welcome to newcomers and welcome back old friends!

So this one was tough, getting our darling, insecure and under appreciated Will to see the hottie Hannibal and Fannibals do.

I hope you enjoy this latest instalment of Will's corruption.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will had forgotten to be careful around Hannibal. The man could turn any phrase into a weapon and find weakness in the thickest armour with just a look. Since the day they met Hannibal had poked and prodded at his fragile mind until he had his own discreet entrance and space in there. Will was fully aware of what was happening, that Hannibal was taking up more and more space within him, but he found himself not wanting to resist. He welcomed the calming presence in the jumbled mess of his mind. Let Hannibal walk the battlements of his inner forts, strengthening some and reducing others to dust. Rearranging the furniture to suit his own whims. He opened his mind up completely to Hannibal and the moment he would open his body was growing closer every day.

Hannibal never pressed for more than kisses. Swift sweet pecks goodbye, long lazy smooches and heated grasping wanting kisses with their bodies pressed together until Hannibal pulled away leaving Will torn between relief and disappointment. He was still unsure of how fast he wanted things to go but his body was ready and aching for Hannibal.

Asking Hannibal what he wanted for his birthday was reckless, and his answer made his body simmer with electricity.

“You.”

Hannibal watched him choke on his wine with a soft fondness before firmly patting his back. “I meant a gift,” he clarified, clearing his throat.

“I have every material item I want and I do not need yet another tie. What I want is you,” he said simply, with a small smile before slowly bringing a rare bite of meat to his mouth, eyeing Will as he chewed and swallowed.

Will leaned back in his chair, prepared himself. Nothing with Hannibal was straight forward. “What do you want with me?” He asked, lightly flirting.

“You would faint,” Hannibal said with a dark chuckle when Will blushed furiously. He reached over and brushed back a few curls that were falling over his beloved eyes. “My blushing maiden,” he was teasing but that didn’t stop the fire in his belly from brightening. “But if you do wish to celebrate my birth then stay the night with me.”

“All night?” Will asked, biting his lower lip.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered, eyes reflecting the flames on the candle lit table. “Have someone feed you dogs in the evening and morning or else check them into a kennel. There must be some reputable places nearby, I would not have you worrying about your pack.”

“They’re growing on you,” Will accused with a smile.

“Slightly,” Hannibal admitted.

“I finally got them to sit still long enough to take a picture of your Christmas gifts,” Will said, becoming more animated when discussing his adored pets. “Would you like to see?” He asked.

“Of course, Will. Take the drinks into the other room while I clear our plates,” he instructed, standing to take away their empty plates.

Will smiled as he did as he was told, taking their wine glasses and the half empty merlot bottle into the main room, smirking at the elegant wooden cabinet that he now knew contained a television. There was something comical about the fact that Hannibal owned something as normal as a television. He settled on the low dark grey couch and fished out his phone while waiting for Hannibal. He entered the study a few moments later, sitting close to Will, lightly stroking the curls at the base of his skull. Will leaned back into the touch with a soft sigh, he had grown used to Hannibal’s almost constant touching.

“Let me see how they suit their collars,” he asked and Will passed him the phone, already open to pictures. Hannibal smiled as he swiped through the photos. The dogs were growing on him, mostly because they made Will so happy, but also because he understood their protective attitude towards their master. He had spent more time than he admitted selecting their individual collars, each a different colour with silver tags bearing their name and Will’s mobile number as well as his own. A precaution due to Jack’s entitlement in dragging Will to crime scenes regardless of time and location. Each was a different colour but every one was hand stitched in the softest leather, so as not to aggravate their usually bare necks. The dogs had clearly been told to sit so Will could take the pictures for Hannibal and the pleasure he

found in Hannibal's gifts brought him a swell of joy. The dogs tended to run free but Hannibal decided they should have matching leashes for the few times they were needed. He sat up straight when he swiped past the last photo, his whole body growing taught as a bow string and the hand on Will's neck tightening, becoming a possessive grip rather than a gentle stroke. Will took in a sharp breath and looked up at him, arousal and confusion in his eyes.

"Oh Will," He breathed softly. His eyes stayed fixed on the captivating image, drinking it in when he spoke again. "If you are kind enough to grant me my birthday wish I must insist you pack this," he said, lips parted as he immediately sent the message to his number. Hannibal had never seen anything as arousing at the image before him. It was a testament to his impressive self-control that he did not carry his boy upstairs, strip him bare and chain him to his bed for at least a month. Not yet, not until Will was ready to accept all of him, monster and man. It was a selfie so did not show as much as Hannibal would like to see but it was beautiful in its debauchery. His mind flashed to the choke collar and leash he had tucked away upstairs. The photo took him by surprise, he had not intended this and could never have predicted it. His Will was a wonder.

"Wait, what?" Will asked, reaching for his phone. Hannibal reluctantly released it, licking his lips. "Oh God!" Will gasode in mortification. "I meant to delete that," he said, cringing in horror. He had forgotten about the picture and was now cursing himself for taking it in the first place.

At least it wasn't a full body shot, only just low enough to reveal his nipples that were proudly erect, he could blame the cold but in reality he remembered how turned on he was. After adorning his pets with the new jewellery and laying out their beds he found an eighth collar, a wise investment as he would most likely acquire another one before too long. But for now it had no tag and no owner. Will could remember stroking the slim black leather, small silver studs placed an inch apart making it a little more ornate than most dogs wore. He couldn't exactly remember what thought process led to him wrapping the collar around his own neck but he knew that whiskey was involved. It felt warm against his skin and something about it reminded him of Hannibal's touch. He had admired his reflection in the mirror, a rare moment of vanity for him that made him want to keep that image so he stripped off his shirt and took the photo reclined on the bed, the phone held out above him. Now he wanted to vanish. "I'm deleting this," he said, frantically pushing at the buttons, his fumbling fingers making it difficult. His phone was dropped on the floor when Hannibal all but lunged at him, covering Will's body with his and kissing him deeply.

"Absolutely not," he said firmly when he drew back to allow Will to breathe.

“I’ll stay the night,” Will said, eyes dark and voice dazed. “On your birthday.”

“Very good Will,” Hannibal smiled sweetly and tangled their legs together as he shifted into a more comfortable position. “I will begin planning,” he said, his smile becoming more of a smirk.

“It’s your birthday Hannibal,” Will reminded him with a short laugh.

“So I get my own way, yes?”

“Don’t you always?” Will teased him fondly. “Control freak,” Hannibal hummed in agreement, twirling a long curl around his finger. Will nudged Hannibal’s cheek with his nose. “Kiss,” Hannibal wove his fingers into Will’s curls, planting soft butterfly kisses all over his face, causing Will to laugh. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck, pulling him into a long and deep kiss. “Yes,” he breathed into Hannibal’s mouth after several moments, eyes black with want. “Anything you want.”

“Good boy,” Hannibal purred between kisses. “My good boy.”

Will glowed from the praise the whole way home.

Will did pack the collar but he had it buried at the bottom of his overnight bag, half hoping Hannibal would forget all about it. Hannibal forgot nothing.

The snow that had been almost constant through most of the season had given way to rain, great heavy sheets of it and just the minute long walk from his car to Hannibal’s front door had Will’s hair curling and wet. Hannibal opened the door before he’d even finished knocking. With a bright smile he pulled Will inside and wrapped him in his arms, inhaling the scent of rain mixed with his aftershave. “You’re chilled to the bone, love.”

“Just my head,” he said, melting into Hannibal’s arms. “This is an excellent coat,” he said, peeking up at him with a cheeky smile. Hannibal pressed a kiss into his damp curls.

“Come, you can dry off upstairs before dinner,” he grabbed Will’s overnight bag and headed for the stairs, with Will following.

“I can’t smell anything,” Will observed, looking towards the kitchen as they passed. He had never come to Hannibal’s homes without the smells of something delicious greeting him.

“That’s because dinner has not started yet,” Hannibal said with a smile. He looked very impressed with himself. “We can start once you have dried off a little.”

“Everything you cook takes hours.” Will commented, suspicious.

“But I am not cooking tonight,” Hannibal said, opening the door to one of the bedrooms and gesturing for Will to enter. “Don’t worry, I would never allow you to go hungry.”

Will stepped into the large room and felt instantly soothed though butterflies were still performing a tarantella in his stomach. The decor was a mix of soft blues and greens, a beautiful ocean picture featuring prominently opposite the canopy bed with its green sheets. He almost laughed, it was like the bedroom of a princess in a tower. “Not what I imagined,” he said after a moment.

“No?”

“It’s nice, I like it,” he said. “Just not what I pictured your bedroom to look like.”

“And what did you imagine?” Hannibal asked, head tilted in interest and amusement.

“I dunno, dark furniture, silk sheets, probably some velvet,” he answered, joking slightly. “More expensive art.”

“This is not my room,” Hannibal told him. “It’s a guest room, hence the less personal decor.”

“Oh, r-right, of course, er, towel?” He stammered, staring a hole in the floor under his feet.

“You’re disappointed?” Hannibal asked, softly, moving closer.

Will shook his head, not meeting his eyes. “No, not disappointed, just…” he looked away, lifting his bag onto the bed and pretending to search for something.

“Will?” He didn’t look up. Hannibal moved closer, Will sensed his movement and curled in on himself like prey hiding from the apex predator. He wasn’t disappointed exactly but he had assumed that staying the night meant staying in Hannibal’s bed and probably more. He felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and allowed himself to be turned around. A large hand on his cheek forced his face upwards to face Hannibal’s examination. “Not disappointed,” he repeated softly with a nod. “Then what?” He waited for a few beats. “Will?” He prompted again. “Tell me,” he ordered, voice dark as he moved closer, speaking almost directly into Will’s ear. He took his hands away but stayed in place, trapping Will between his body and the bed, a position Will might have enjoyed in different circumstances.

“I’m not disappointed,” he repeated, wanting Hannibal’s hands back.

“I believe you,” Hannibal reassured him, gently. “Tell me what it is, mylimas.”

“Are you ever gonna tell me what that means?” Will deflected with a short brittle laugh.

“Perhaps,” Hannibal answered. “If you tell me what you are feeling, if not disappointment.”

Will huffed out a long breath. “I’m just confused,” he answered eventually. “We’ve been sort of seeing each other which has been going great, I mean I think it’s going great,” he amended, tripping over his words. Hannibal nodded his agreement. “It feels like we are together. You are almost always touching me and your reaction to the photo was… But in your office you keep at least an arms length away.”

“We agreed that if you did not want a referral then we should continue our conversations in as professional a manner as possible. It hardly seems right for the FBI to pay for you to make out with your boyfriend,” he said, smiling.

“You didn’t do that before,” Will complained. “I don’t understand what you want.”

“You feel I have not been clear?” Hannibal asked, his brow furrowed.

“Yes, but no and urgh!” He buried his face in his hands, trying to calm himself.

“Take your time Will,” Hannibal said, placing a soothing hand on the back of his bowed neck. After a few deep breaths Will raised his head.

“I’m confused because you never try to go past kissing, hours of kissing but nothing more ever and you say you want me here overnight for your birthday then put me in a guest room,” he shrugged helplessly. “Do you not want me”? He asked, mournfully.

“Oh, darling,” he whispered. Bending down he kissed Will lightly on the brow before drawing him towards a full length mirror and standing behind him. “Look at you,” Will met his eyes in the mirror. “Not at me, look at you . Oh, *look* at you. ” Will did as instructed. “Perfect,” he whispered softly, a hand slipping under his plum shirt to rest on the curve of his waist. “Your mind and body. You are breathtaking,” he told him, speaking quietly, with reverence. “How could anyone not want you?” He asked as though it was unthinkable. He took one of Will’s hands and pressed it to his crotch, letting him feel the hardness there. “I do want you,” he promised before moving his hand back to his side before releasing him. “More than I could possibly say in any language,” he turned Will’s head, cradling his face with tenderness before kissing him briefly. “Let me take my time with you?” He guided Will to face the mirror again, letting Will rest against his broad chest. “How beautiful you are,” he said happily. Will hummed sweetly, not exactly disagreeing. “Will you say it for me?” he requested, coaxing, his fingers tangling his Will as he stroked his waist, thumb brushing against his rib cage. “That you are beautiful?” Will blushed, turning his face into Hannibal’s neck. He pulled away slightly, tilting Will’s chin towards the mirror. “Please?”

“You think I’m- “

“No,” Hannibal said, soft but firm. “Not my opinion, fact.”

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder.”

“Stop arguing,” Hannibal told him, nipping his ear lobe gently.

“I am beautiful,” Will said eventually, voice soft.

“Good boy,” Hannibal told him, smile widening. “You almost sound like you believe it,” he turned Will to face him, pulling him into a tight embrace and kissing him deeply. Will moaned into his mouth, gripping Hannibal’s shoulders, holding him close.

“Can I sleep in your bed?” He asked, gazing up through his eyelashes with his bottom lip protruding, maintaining eye contact. A tactic that almost always made Hannibal give in to whatever he asked for. “I promise not to try anything, I just wanna be near you.”

Hannibal brushed back his drying curls. “Wicked boy,” he smiled and nodded. “It would not be the first time sharing a bed.” Will smiled and kissed his nose.

“Thank you Hannibal.”

“You are welcome,” he said warmly. “There are a pair of slippers in the wardrobe which may be more comfortable,” he suggested, as he raised Will’s hands. “You should remove your cufflinks and watch as well,” he instructed.

“Why?” Will asked.

“Sapphires are not designed to be worn while cooking,” Hannibal informed him, with mock seriousness.

“I thought you weren't cooking tonight?” Will said.

“That’s true, you are,” he told him, eyes glittering.

Will laughed out loud. “Are you serious?” He asked. “The only things I can make are ramen noodles and cereal.”

“I’m aware and I find that completely unacceptable,” Hannibal said. “So I have decided to give you a cooking lesson,” he said proudly. “There’s a bathroom through there, I will see you downstairs,” Will did not bother arguing, just nodded, confident that Hannibal would not make the mistake of tasting his cooking twice. Hannibal passed in the doorway, looking back at him. “It means beloved,” he told him softly before leaving.

Will had to clutch the bedpost to keep himself upright as his knees went weak. He towel off the remaining dampness from his hair, leaving it even messier than usual. He combed his fingers through it until he didn’t look like a caveman, donned his slippers and removed the cufflinks and watch, noticing that his wrist was already slightly paler under the strap despite having worn it for only a month and a half. He dug through his bag for the stylish black collar, he wrestled with himself for a few seconds before dumping it on the bed and heading downstairs with a bare neck.

Hannibal was waiting in the kitchen with two glasses of red wine, looking at something on his ipad. “You spend far too long preening,” he said lightly. “Roll up your sleeve and wash your hands thoroughly,” Will did so and took the apron that Hannibal held out to him. “If your hair gets much longer you may require a hair net,” he brushed a few curls away from Will’s eyes.

“I’m sorry, I’m overdue for a haircut,” Will mumbled, looking down shyly.

“Just a trim,” Hannibal suggested. “It would be a shame to lose too much of your lovely curls. I’ll book you in with my barber next saturday, he follows directions well and will not butcher your looks.”

“Are you going to dictate my haircut now?” Will teased.

“No,” Hannibal answered, taking a long sip of wine. “I am going to dictate your haircut next Saturday,” he hid his smile in the lip of his wine glass as Will laughed. “You are aware I am not joking,” he was also planning on keeping a lock for himself.

“I am aware that there is no point arguing with you,” he turned to the spread of ingredients on the counter. “So what dish am I going to destroy tonight?”

“I will be instructing you on how to make a full English breakfast,” Hannibal told him. “Do as I say and I’m sure it will be perfect,” he purred, lightly kissing Will’s cheekbone. “Enough of this self-deprecation,” he whispered. “We shall start with the bacon.”

Hannibal took great delight in watching Will cook, he finally understood when so many women in society found any excuse to come into his kitchen during dinner parties. The concentration on Will’s face was adorable and from his position seated at the island Hannibal had a perfect few of his gorgeous ass clad in tight dark denim. Probably Will’s only pair of jeans that weren’t torn or splattered with oil. Hannibal would buy him some new pairs. His dear boy looked incredibly sexy in a suit but the denim did hug him in a most tempting manner.

Will followed his instructions perfectly, Hannibal was almost disappointed. He’d been expecting several chances to cage Will in his arms, hands over hands as he directed his movements but it turned out his WIll had yet more hidden talents. Hannibal was delighted with his beloved's work and praised the delicious smells he was creating. He came up behind Will, placing his hands on either side and leaning in to check on the food. “A little more butter for the mushrooms,” he instructed, smiling with Will automatically obeyed. “Would you prefer to fry or scramble the eggs?”

“It’s your birthday,” Will reminded him. “What would you prefer?”

“Sweet boy,” he kissed Will’s jaw. “You choose and we will have the other for breakfast.”

“Scrambled?” Will asked. “I think I made those once.”

Hannibal nodded and returned to his seat, smiling when Will immediately put the cracked shells in the bin. Cleaning as he went, without being told. “I don’t believe that ready meals and noodles are all you can make. You appear to have a natural talent for it.”

“More like a great teacher,” Will said, grinning over his shoulder. “But I appreciate the compliment,” he added, cheeks slightly pinker.

“You like to be praised,” Hannibal observed.

“I like it when you praise me,” he answered in a small voice.

“Then it is a good thing you are so very worthy of praise,” he told Will, pulling the slight man back into his embrace. “My beautiful, clever, gifted, good boy. The food is ready, I will finish laying the table as you plate up.”

“You’re not going to tell me how to display the food appropriately?” Will asked, swaying slightly when Hannibal released him.

“I trust you,” Hannibal told him with a soft smile, which Will returned happily.

Will took his time plating up the food making it as attractive as he could. He gave up on trying to fit the toasted bread alongside everything else and instead placed the slices on a separate plate. Hannibal was seated at the head of the table, watching as Will entered with the food, his slippers a whisper on the floor. He placed Hannibal’s plate down first then the toast, next to the butter dish Hannibal had thoughtfully brought out then his own before taking his seat. “Good enough?” He asked.

“Lovely dear, the first bite is with the eyes,” WIll waited, watching Hannibal cut into a plump juicy sausage and bring a chunk to his mouth, his eyes falling closed as he took in the taste. His eyes opened and he focused on Will. “Eat your food, mylimas,” Will obeyed, taking a forkful of scrambled eggs, he smiled timidly, it tasted good to him. “Delicious.”

Will's face lit up. "Really?" he breathed.

"Do you believe I would lie to you, Will?" He asked, tilting his head. Will choose not to answer, face turned to his plate. "Wicked boy," he whispered, bringing Will's hand to his mouth, pressing a lingering kiss to his palm. Will enjoyed his meal, although there was something missing, some sort of seasoning that Hannibal's meat always had, and that fact that he had made it caused him to glow inside. He kept getting distracted by Hannibal, his hands carefully cutting into the food neatly, the motion of his throat when he swallowed and his mouth. HIs pink lips quirked upwards everytime he took a bite, enjoyment was evident on his handsome face and Will was ecstatic. "Will," he was jolted out of his thoughts by Hannibal's dulcet tones. "Must I send you to a different room to eat your food?" He asked.

"Sorry," Will said, picking up his food from wear it idealed on the edge of the beans. "I'm so glad you like it."

"Are you?" He asked, voice genuinely questioning. "Or are you enjoying marinating in your pride?" He suggested, playfully. "Don't hide your pretty face. I enjoy seeing you appreciate yourself properly," he purred. "I am especially pleased with your bacon, there is a gossamer strand between crispy and burnt and you have mastered it."

Will grinned, taking a bite of his own bacon. "Any chance of learning your secret ingredient?" He asked, hopefully.

"Perhaps on your own birthday," Hannibal answered, mildly. Will smiled and they finished their meal in comfortable silence, the sound of classical music playing gently in the background. After wiping his plate clean with a thick slice of warm bread Hannibal neatly placed his cutlery on the plate, quietly pleased when Will unconsciously mimicked the motion. "Please fill the dishwasher while I prepare dessert," he requested, standing from the table.

"I don't get to make dessert?" Will asked.

"You may help with preparations," he said sweetly. As Will rinsed off the dishes before placing them in the dishwasher Hanninal retrieved a few covered dishes from the fridge and

popped the smallest three in the microwave for thirty seconds and arranged the larger one on a silver serving tray with long forkers and thick napkins. He handed an ice bucket with champagne to Will and gestured to a couple of champagne flutes. “Go wait in the living room,” he instructed. “I would like to explore more of your undiscovered talents,” he purred seductively. Will obeyed with a playful bow and when Hannibal joined him the flutes were filled, waiting. “Very good,” Hannibal observed and Will smiled, pleased with the praise. Hannibal placed the serving tray down on the coffee table, removing the white covering to reveal a bowl of chilled strawberries and three smaller dishes with melted chocolate. “Strawberries, warm chocolate and champagne,” he announced.

“It looks great,” Will said. “I thought I had earned the honour of helping with preparation?” He pouted. Hannibal looked down on him with a fond expression.

“Spoiled boy,” he teased.

Will shook his head definitely. “No. I proved myself to be a culinary prodigy so it is completely unfair of you to hold me back.”

He let out a light laugh as he was pressed onto his back with Hannibal’s weight pinning him down and covering him completely. When Hannibal pressed his lips to Will’s his body lit up and he wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck tugging him closer. Champagne tingled on his lips, chasing away the taste of their meal and cleansing his palette. “Your pride is spectacular to witness dear boy,” he growled darkly. “So unappreciated,” he cooed, pressing soft kisses along Will’s jaw. “You finally see your worth as I do, I am so proud of you,” Will moaned softly and tugged Hannibal’s face to his needing to taste his lips again. He almost whimpered when Hannibal pulled back, arms still tangled he drew Will up with him until they were both sitting upright.

Dark eyes still gazing at Will with adoration he plucked a ripe strawberry from the bowl and swirled it through the white chocolate dip before dragging the tip along Will’s lower lip before pressing it partly into Will’s mouth. His eyes were fixed on his lips as he bit into the frust, white chocolate and red juices painting his mouth. Hannibal swallowed the rest of the fruit, watching Will lick his lips clean. Will opened his eyes with a dreamy smile. Hannibal smiled softly and gestured to the chilled fruit. Will leaned over Hannibal to reach for a ripe berry, dipping it into the thick dark chocolate, his fingertip picking up their own coating. He offered the fruit to Hannibal who swallowed the whole fruit, his pink tongue briefly darting out to graze Will’s chocolatey fingertips causing Will’s hand to dart away as though electrocuted. Hannibal’s tongue felt so good Will was certain that if he hadn’t pulled back the night would end with him begging for Hannibal to fuck him and his being banished to the

guest room. Arguing with Hannibal was almost always fruitless, he intended to take his time and despite his spike of want Will wanted it too.

It had been nearly two decades since he had let another man inside of him. Blow jobs and hand jobs but nothing more than that and no illusion that it would ever be more than one night, sometimes only an hour. He knew Hannibal found him beautiful and fascinating but there was still a niggeling mean voice at the back of his head telling him that a man who oozed sensuality like Hanniabal Lecter could only find disappointment in Will. He wouldn't be the first to find Will's talent lacking no matter the pretty material he had to work with.

Hannibal had chosen to use one of the long forks to spear fruit and create less mess. He fed Will a milk chocolate adorned strawberry, the chilled strawberry and warmed chocolate creating the most wonderful effect on his tongue making the strong tastes even more decadent. Will cupped the fruit in his tongue, letting the taste spread across his mouth and softly moaning. "Good?" Hannibal asked softly. Will nodded with a hum before swallowing. "It took me a long time to find a supplier that could provide such fine strawberries at this time of year. One of the great advances of the modern age is year round strawberries."

"Not the medical advances?" Will asked, feeding Hannibal another berry.

"There is no point in extending life without luxuries," Hannibal observed.

"You are a fan of indulgence," Will said, with a nod.

"Whereas you are the picture of restraint," Hannibal countered sarcastically.

"You're a terrible influence."

"And you are such fun to influence," Hannibal said with a devilish grin, he slid a strawberry between Will's lips before covering them with his. Will's whole body shivered at the sensation of having fruit and chocolate and Hannibal's tongue in his mouth. His agile tongue lapping at his lips as he drew back. "How are your language skills, mylimas?" He asked conversationally.

“I know some Creole which is sorta French but it’s probably rusty at best,” he said with a shrug. “How many languages do you speak?” He asked curiously.

“Seven,” Hannibal answered.

“Seriously seven?” Will asked.

“Seven I can speak at a decent level, that is,” Hannibal corrected. “Lithuainian, of course, French, Italian, English, Danish, Greek and Japanese. English is my fourth language and certainly the most complicated to learn.”

“I tried to learn Spanish at one point but didn’t really work out,” he said, intimidated by his range.

“I was never a particular fan of Spain although the siestas are enjoyable. I speak enough to pass for a couple of weeks but I have never lived there,” Hannibal explained.

“Have you lived in all those countries?” Will asked.

“No, only Lithuania, France, Italy and England. Although I have visited Greece several times due to my fondness for classical mythology.”

“Wow,” Will said quietly.

“You would love Italy,” Hannibal promised. “Your tongue is definitely suited to European languages,” he claimed.

“How did you figure that out?” He quipped. Hannibal leaned forward plunging his tongue into Will’s mouth, memorising every inch of the warm chocolate scented cavern. “Oh that’s

how," he murmured breathlessly.

"Are you satisfied?" Hannibal purred.

"Not yet," Will teased.

"I think you've had enough sugar," Hannibal responded, riding to his feet, leaving Will looking hurt by the loss of contact. "I will be back very soon, mylimas," he said sweetly, pressing a kiss to Will's forehead when he gathered up the tray.

"I'm gonna use the bathroom,"Will said, rising on wobbling legs. Hannibal nodded, heading to the kitchen. The second he was out of sight, Will bolted up the stairs, passing at least three bathrooms in his haste, he reached the spare room and buckled on the black collar before he could lose his nerve. When Hannibal returned Will was reclined on the sofa, champagne flutes refilled and deep purple shirt open enough to reveal his adornment. "Wonderful," he said, leaning over to run a finger along the black leather. Will opened his arms, and Hannibal settled himself above Will arms braced to support his weight. He opened his mouth to speak but Will cut off any speech with his lips on Hannibal's. "Rude," Hannibal chided gently without pulling back, making his complaint useless. Surging forward Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will's torso, almost crushing him with his superior weight before reversing their position. Will almost lost his balance but Hannibal held him close until they were settled. Hannibal was laid flat on his back on the long sofa with Will pressed against his chest, halfway on his side. Once secure, Will captured Hannibal's mouth in a fiery kiss, moaning when he felt Hannibal slip a finger under his collar, causing it to tighten slightly. Will jolted as a dart of heat ran down his spine. "Such lovely sounds you make," Hannibal praised softly, smiling against Will's mouth. Hannibal tilted his head back, breaking their connection and rearranging Will until he was lying with his head tucked beneath Hannibal's chin, laughing softly when he felt Will squirm trying to reach his mouth again. "Settle, dear," he instructed with a swell of fondness, petting Will's hair when he obeyed. "Good boy. Are you comfortable?"

"Very," Will answered, leaving a small kiss on Hannibal's pulse point, grinning with pride when he felt it flutter slightly.

"Good, as I have plans for that talented mouth of yours," he said with a smile.

“Sounds good,” Will said distractedly, running his tongue along Hannibal’s windpipe.

“Stop that,” he said, tugging gently on Will’s curls, drawing a surprised laugh from his lips.

“Fine. What are your plans?” Will asked, wiggling himself into a more comfortable position with Hannibal’s large palms stroking his back soothingly.

“I’d like to teach you some Italian,” he answered. Will let out a groan mixed with a chuckle.

“I’ve no head for languages,” he warned.

“You also claimed not to be able to cook,” Hannibal reminded him.

“You love being right, don’t you.”

“Yes. Wouldn’t you like to show me how clever you are, my talented, beautiful boy?” He purred gently. Will nodded with a small grunt of mock annoyance.

“Ciao,” Hannibal spoke softly, ideally carding a hand through Will’s hair.

“Ciao,” Will repeated dutifully.

“Questo è il mio design,” Hannibal spoke slowly, enunciating each syllable.

“Questo è il mio design,” Will said, tongue curling around the unfamiliar sounds.

“Very good,” Hannibal praised, Will hid his proud grin on Hannibal's shoulder.

“Can you teach me more?” He asked timidly.

“Of course, mylimas.”

“Mylimas,” Will repeated easily.

“Mi chiamo Will,” Hannibal said, and Will laughed gently.

“No it isn’t,” he teased. Hannibal gently tugged on a curl. “Mi chiamo Will.”

“Sono bellissimo,” Hannibal spoke, slower than normal.

“Sono bellissimo,” Hannibal smiled, cradling Will’s head tenderly.

“Amato.”

“Amato. What does that mean?” Will asked, shifting slightly.

“Beloved,” Hannibal answered.

“Mylimas,” Will said again. “I prefer the Lithuain.”

Hannibal tugged Will upwards to kiss him, the angle awkward but his lips were gratefully received. “Mylimas,” he repeated sweetly. “Two more,” he paused, taking a deep breath. “Ti amo.”

“Ti amo,” Will answered automatically, voice thin and his stomach dancing. He wasn’t sure of the words but he had an inkling of what they meant. “Ti amo,” he repeated more clearly.

“Baciami”

“Baciami,” Will said, turning his face upwards. Hannibal shifted them again so they were both laid on the sides, face to face pressed tightly together to fit in the limited space.

“Kiss me,” Hannibal demanded. Will obliged happily. Hannibal’s arms wrapped around his body, drawing him close and Will wound his hands around Hannibal’s broad shoulders, fingers tangling in the ends of his silver streaked hair. Hannibal explored Will’s mouth thoroughly, smiling against his swollen lips when he dragged the tip of his tongue along the roof of Will’s mouth making him moan and buck his hips wantonly. Hannibal felt his eyes roll back as a swell of desire took over him, one hand gripping Will’s collar as he tried to control his body. He slung one long leg over Will’s lower body, keeping him close and still.

Will drew back with a whine, panting for breath as Hannibal explored his neck with his teeth and tongue. Will whimpered, baring his neck, his hand tightening in Hannibal’s hair, shaking and tugging his head closer. Gasping out Hannibal’s name in a ragged voice, desperate for more and unwilling to wait. “Please,” he whined. “I don’t wanna wait,” with a reluctant groan Hannibal drew back, pressing his forehead to Will’s.

“My dear Will, please trust me,” he pleaded, stroking Will’s hair in an attempt to soothe him.

“I do,” he promised, voice soft and feverish.

“My sweet boy,” he murmured softly, pressing his lips against Will’s damp forehead.

“You said boyfriend before,” Will said in a small voice. Hannibal made a curious noise. “Upstairs, you said the FBI shouldn’t pay for me to make out with my,” he swallowed heavily. “Boyfriend.”

“Too soon, mylimas?” he asked, a flicker of uncertainty in his voice. “Is a conversation required?”

“No, I liked it,” Will answered, with a bashful smile. “You meant it.”

“Of course,” he answered, smiling when Will kissed him softly before cuddling in close. “Tired?” He asked.

“A little,” he answered.

“If we move upstairs, can you behave?” Hannibal asked, playfully.

“Not sure why I have to,” he grumbled slightly.

“I have my reasons, love,” Hannibal promised enigmatically. “Trust me,” he urged softly.

Will nodded, gently nipping at Hannibal's neck. “I’ll behave,” he promised, sweetly. Hannibal reluctantly untangled them and stood up. “I didn’t pack pyjamas,” Will admitted shyly.

“Naughty boy,” Hannibal smiled and led him upstairs, passing the spare bedroom and leading Will to his.

Will smiled, it was more what he had expected although there were no neutral tones. It was darkly coloured and welcoming, One wall was panelled with dark wood and the other three painted a dark green. The bed was four posted, of course, with blue silk bedding black sheets and light gauzy black curtains. One wall was almost entirely taken up by a window, streaking with raindrops, the light from street lamps outside coming in soft and blurred. The ceiling was dotted with white bulbs, drenching the room in bright light. Hannibal strode past him to the window drawing the heavy curtains that looked to be velvet. There was still less art than he had expected, a couple of animal statues, similar to the ravenstag that occupied his office. There was one large canvas opposite the bed, above an impressive fireplace. Hannibal was

rummaging through a draw and Will studied the picture, trying to decide if he liked it. It was stark against that dark room, a snow white rectangle but with splashes of black and red twisting and spreading across the canvas in a marble effect. “What do you think?” Hannibal asked, standing close behind him.

“You said you prefer classical inspired art,” Will recalled.

“Yes, I did,” Hannibal said, a smile evident in his voice. Will stood up straightener proud that he had pleased Hannibal by remembering that fact. “I’m sure there was some pretentious meaning behind this piece but I found it visually appealing,” he exclaimed, a hand brushing through Will’s soft curls when he spoke about its appeal.

“I like it,” Will said.

“The second most attractive part of the room,” Hannibal purred, pressing a soft kiss to the back of Will’s neck.

“You really are just after my looks aren’t you?” Will teased.

“I will not justify that with an answer, you terror,” he answered, dangeling a peice of dark silk in front of WIll’s face. “Get changed for bed,” he said, sternly. Hannibal moved back, taking his scent and warmth with him. With a domestic peck on the cheek he disappeared into the bathroom, leaving Will alone. Will chuckled and changed quickly, as complementary as Hannibal was about Will’s appearance Will knew that Hannibal was much more interested in his mind. Not just the empathy disorder though it clearly intrigued him on a professional level, Will didn’t blame him for that. It did not cause him to treat him differently as Alana did and he did not wish to exploit it as Chilton and Jack did. Hannibal wanted to know Will’s opinion on art and books and music and never told him he was wrong.

Hannibal had not given him pyjama pants, just a dark button up shirt, part of a pair. He caught his appearance in the full length mirror and moved closer. The shirt was a couple of sizes too big, the cuffs handing down over his wrists and the bottom just covering his short boxers, lean legs on show. His hand drifted up to the collar, he had adjusted to the weight quickly but hadn’t forgotten its presence for a second. He blushed looking at himself wearing a collar, he knew how it would look at anyone else but behind the thick wooden door with thick heavy curtain blocking the window he found it hard to remember there were other

people in the world. He knew they still existed and that he would be forced to interact with them at some point but would be happy to delay that as long as possible. Curiosity stirred in his mind as he remembered the feel of Hannibal's hand tightening on his neck when he had seen the photo and how it had desire pooling in his stomach. What else could Hannibal bring out in him? He was still ideally stroking the leather when Hannibal appeared behind him, slipping an arm around Will's waist. Will smiled when he noticed that Hannibal was bare chested and clad only in the pants that matched Will shirts. Will's chest warmed with pride seeing them in a shared pair of pyjamas.

Hannibal was his boyfriend and he was clearly besotted with Will. He wanted to laugh in joy and pride. Gorgeous, educated, intelligent, artistic, charming, brilliant, refined, popular, desired Count Hannibal Lecter was his boyfriend. His loving, generous boyfriend who bought him gifts and cooked for him and protected him at social events and praised him and took him to the ballet and introduced him to his upper class friends. They had shared a dinner with Gabi and Samuel and by the end of the night Will had grown to love the sweet woman, she was impossible to dislike. He had quietly asked if she and Hannibal had ever been serious and she had laughed brightly and informed him that apart from her childish unrequited crush on her mysterious teenager babysitter there had been nothing between them but friendship.

"I don't think that would be comfortable to sleep in love," Hannibal pointed out, bringing a hand to the collar. "May I?" Will nodded and he unbuckled the collar, revealing a faint red line. Will shivered as Hannibal blew cool air over the marked skin. "Lovely as it looks on you I do feel a little guilty for having you wear a collar designed for a dog. Would you like one of your very own?" He suggested dark eyes meeting his in the mirror.

"Not if you still want to wait," Will said, breathing ragged and skin flushed. Sordid images exploding behind his eyes.

"Something for the future," Hannibal said, sweetly.

"I'm gonna go brush my teeth," Will said, turning from the mirror when Hannibal tugged him back, holding him tightly.

"Say it again for me, please?" He asked sweetly. "You look so sweet like this," Will looked over his shoulder rolling his eyes in fondness. "Don't roll your eyes, it's rude," he chided, gripping Will's chin and turning him to face the mirror.

“You’re ridiculous,” Will said with a soft chuckle.

“It’s my birthday,” Hannibal complained.

“You can only milk that for four more minutes,” Will said playfully.

“Please,” Hannibal asked, almost pleading, impossible to deny. Will nodded, looking at Hannibal's reflection fondly.

“I am beautiful.”

“Good boy,” Hannibal moaned softly, delighted with the sincerity in Will’s voice. Finally his dear boy was beginning to see what he did. They stood together in silence, both admiring Will looking small and young in the oversized garment, skin creamy pale against the black under Hannibal’s tanned hands. “Thank you,” he said, releasing Will’s chin, fingering a high hickey he had inadvertently left earlier. “You’ll be wearing turtlenecks for a week,” he observed ruefully.

“No,” Will argued, a proud smile in place. “I have my gorgeous, expensive scarves, don’t I?”

“Of course,” Hannibal answered, nipping at the darkened skin. Will nudged his hands away and Hannibal released him, letting Will go into the bathroom, watching him and his long bare legs and pert ass until the door clicked shut.

My wonderful prideful boy.

End Notes

So my competition winner was Sanguineheroine (great name right?) so you have not one but two secret marriage fics coming your way, as well as Sloth.

A lot of you got the competition question right and were disappointed to have not gotten their first. But I am happy to announce that the long awaited 7th and final chapter will have a competition so keep your eyes open for that.

Thank you to the lovely readers recommending me on facebook and twitter, it make me so happy to see people willing to share my work with the community especially since I'm not on twitter so can only self-promote on the book of faces.

Big thanks to s0mmeil for correcting a couple of mistakes with my Italian.

Kudos and comments bring me joy as does feedback and constructive criticism. Let me know what you are hoping to see and Powerfulmary they'll be some possessive Hannibal next.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!